Saturday
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Providence, May 6, 1836.

My dear Helen:

I expected, yesterday, to be in New-York instead of Providence this morning, but have concluded to remain here until Monday afternoon at the urgency of the anti-slavery friends, and for two or three other reasons: — 1st. Because, on Monday, all abolitionists ride, by agreement with the Captain of the steamboat President, be carried to New-York for $3 instead of $5 the usual fare: this, done to secure patronage, in opposition to the rival boat, the Massachusetts. 2d. Because by this delay, I hope to receive my bundle of newspapers from Boston, (having written to friend Knapp to send them to me this afternoon,) and shall thus be able to examine them, and select matter for the next paper. 3d. Because I shall also be able to write some editorial articles, and thus supply friend K. till my return. It is true, by stopping till Monday afternoon, we are not sure of arriving in New-York in season for the great meeting on Tuesday forenoon; but, unless an accident should happen, or a storm prevail, there is little doubt of a speedy passage. — The President has just returned from N. York, having broken a shaft on the passage. Whether this will detain her on Monday, is not yet known — but we can go in the Massachusetts, if necessary. I should rejoice, on some accounts, to be in N. Y. to-morrow (Sabbath) and on Monday, because some of our abolition brethren will doubtless perform some public exercises on those days: indeed, a preliminary meeting of delegates is to be held on Monday afternoon. But, on the whole, I am reconciled to tarrying here, for the sake of the paper. Ask bro. H. if I have acted wisely? George decides in the affirmative.

Judge of my surprise, on going down to bro. George's shop on Friday morning, to find a letter from my friend Knapp addressed to him, inquiring after a runaway editor, i.e. myself, stating that he, the said Knapp, had not received a syllable of intelligence from me, the said runaway editor, since I left Boston — and wishing to know whether bro. G. could give him any information of my movements!! — It seems, therefore, that my two packages had miscarried, with all my editorials, selections, &c. No wonder friend Knapp felt uneasy, and surmised that we were ill. I immediately wrote to him from this place, regretting the accident, and informing him of my health and safety. N.B. I have just received the Liberator of to-day, and am much relieved to perceive, by the editorial articles, that my last package has been received, but the one sent week before last is probably lost irrecoverably. This I regret, because in the lost package was a long and somewhat important editorial article about Arkansas, with quotations from Harrison Gray Otis's speech in the U.S. Senate on the Missouri question, and also from his speech in Faneuil Hall, which you will remember. I gave it to Barnes, the Worcester driver; and if bro. Henry should happen to see him, he may inquire about it.

I have not seen sister Charlotte since Thursday evening. Her husband was absent to New-York, as usual. She was hoarse with a cold. Little Sarah had had the measles, but was on the recovery. Charlotte apprehends that little Anna may have taken them from her, as she clasped her arms about Sarah's neck, and kissed her, when Sarah was ill, before it was known what ailed her. If Anna should be taken sick, you will of course endeavor to guard little George — although, as the measles

this season are not of a malignant type, Charlotte thinks he might have them with comparative safety.

The Bank robber has been caught in New-York, and a hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars in bills recovered. His accomplice made out to escape in one of the New-York packets for Liverpool, with $10,000 in gold. The one who was arested lost the packet by about 30 minutes only, and offered to give $1000 to any one who would put him on board of the vessel, but failed in succeeding. The Bank compromised with him, and for the sake of getting the money promised to let him go free. He has, however, been arrested again, and is now in prison, on a charge of stealing 25,000,000 dollars from one of the rail-cars between Providence and Boston some time ago. It is also supposed that he was the villain who stole the money at the door of the Providence bank, belonging to the bank in Thompson.

Bro. George has put in his claim (and so have several others) for the $10,000 reward, or a portion of it, as he is confident that he gave the first information respecting the thief to the Bank Directors; and, by the terms of their advertisement, you will perceive that the reward was offered to any one who would give any information that should lead to the detection of the robber. Bro. G., however, does not really expect to recover a cent. There will probably be a law-suit about the matter.

Dr. M'Intyre, the Botanical doctor, has been prescribing for my nose, with some little success, but not much; and I have not faith enough to believe that he will do it any permanent good. He applies to it something in the shape of a jelly, and very fragrant. I shall let him try repeatedly till Monday.

It is raining somewhat violently this afternoon, but the shower is quite refreshing to man and beast.

There is a fair prospect of your having colored help secured in a few days.

I believe they are all well at Mr. Chace's. William went to N. York yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,
Brooklyn,
Ct.

As I shall arrive so late at New-York, you must not hope to receive a letter from me.

Time goes far more slowly when I am absent from you, and I shall be truly glad when the time for my return shall be fully consummated. In the mean time, — remembering me with all due affection and respect to father, mother, and every member of the household, — and sending you many kisses for my dear babe and yourself, I remain, with all fidelity and love,

Yours, ever,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.